

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Scared To Die"

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, even though I wanna live  
Deep down inside I'm a cross between homicidal, suicidal  
'Coz I was born to give my life like the Messiah  
Smokin' weed till I can't get no high, tryin' to ease the tension

Heavenly Father, did I mentioned in my confession  
The world got me stressin', maybe death will be a blessin'?  
*[Incomprehensible]* grew up learnin' lessons in the street  
From seminary to 72nd in Lacey in the east

Side of Oakland, California I was on my own at a early age  
That's why I'm filled with rage  
I know the system is responsible  
For the conditions of my black folks in the ghetto

All across America, their funk is deeper  
I put the message in the music to wake you up out your sleep but  
How could I keep my head above the water  
When the force of the current is pullin' me harder than I can swim?  
Sometimes I feel like I oughta die the death of a martyr  
Before they kill me, I'ma slaughter [?]

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I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't scared to kill  
I'm a righteous black gorilla from the hill of 72nd in Lacey St

To all my comrades in the pen, wait for me  
I swear to God, I'ma set you free  
Even if I gotta lay it down in the dirt and if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'  
If I'm dyin' atleast I died puttin' in work  
And if there's Hell below, we all gon' go  
Death can't hurt unless we die slow

Sometimes I look up in the mirror starin' deep into my own eye  
Searchin' for the strength to carry on  
Wonderin' if I died a physical death

Will my people remember me when I'm gone?

The ghetto is a warzone, 7200 is my head code  
'Coz when the funk is on I pop the clip up in my chrome millimeter  
The Grim Reaper, keep my heater in my shoulder  
[?] soldiers at the hideout

Righteous black gorillaz 'bout to ride out, to put the smash down  
Run up in the bank, yellin', ?We want the cash now?  
To finance a revolutionary struggles all around  
Lay it down on the ground

And if I hear the sound of a siren  
I won't hesitate to get the firin' on everybody in the buildin'  
Killin', I'm a villain because I'm black  
Put your hands up to the ceilin', keep on fillin' up the sack

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